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A SATIRE ON Dr. *D*——*NY.*

(Price 6*d.*)

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

SATIRE

ON

Dr. D——NY.

By Dr. Sw—t.

To which is added,

The POEM *which occasion'd it.*

Printed at *Dublin:*

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Dr. *D——NY*, occaſion'd by an EPISTLE to ——

DEluded Mortals, whom the *Great*
Chuſe for Companions *tete a tete*,
Who at their Dinners *en famille*
Get Leave to ſit whene'er you will;

en, boaſting tell us where you din'd,
d, how his *Lordſhip* was ſo kind;

How many pleaſant Things he ſpoke,
And how you *laugh'd* at every *Joke*;
Swear, he's a moſt facetious Man,
That you and he are *Cup* and *Cann*:
You travel with a heavy Load,
And quite miſtake *Preferment*'s Road.

Suppoſe my *Lord* and you alone;
Hint the leaſt Int'reſt of your own,
His Viſage drops, he knits his Brow,
He cannot talk of Bus'neſs now:
Or, mention but a vacant *Poſt*,
He'll turn it off with, *Name your Toaſt*.
Nor could the niceſt Artiſt paint
A Countenance with more Conſtraint.

For, as their Appetites to quench,
Lords keep a Pimp to bring a Wench;

o, Men of Wit are but a kind
f Pandars to a vicious Mind,
ho proper Objects muſt provide
o gratify their Luſt of Pride,
hen weary'd with Intrigues of State,
hey find an idle Hour to prate.
hen, ſhould you dare to ask a *Place*,
ou forfeit all your *Patron*'s Grace,
nd diſappoint the ſole Deſign
or which he ſummon'd you to *dine*.

Thus, *Congreve* ſpent, in writing Plays,
nd one poor Office, half his Days;
hile *Montague*, who claim'd the Station
o be *Mecænas* of the Nation,
or *Poets* open Table kept,
ut ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept:

Himſelf, as rich as fifty *Jews*,
Was eaſy, tho' they wanted Shoes;
And crazy *Congreve* ſcarce cou'd ſpare
A *Shilling* to diſcharge his Chair,
Till Prudence taught him to appeal
From *Pæan*'s Fire to *Party* Zeal;
Not owing to his happy Vein
The Fortunes of his latter Scene,
Took proper *Principles* to thrive;
And ſo might ev'ry *Dunce* alive.

Thus *Steele*, who own'd what others writ,
And flouriſh'd by imputed Wit,
From Perils of a hundred Jayls,
Withdrew to ſtarve, and dye in *Wales*.

Thus *Gay*, the *Hare* with many Friends,
Twice ſev'n long Years the *Court* attends,

Who, under Tales conveying Truth,
To Virtue form'd a *Princely* Youth;
Who pay'd his Courtſhip with the Crowd,
As far as *modeſt Pride* allow'd;
Rejects a ſervile *Uſher's* Place,
And leaves *St. James's* in Diſgrace.

Thus *Addiſon*, by Lords careſs'd,
Was left in foreign Lands diſtreſs'd,
Forgot at home, became for Hire
A trav'lling Tutor to a *Squire*;
But, wiſely left the *Muſes* Hill,
To Bus'neſs ſhap'd the *Poet's* Quil,
Let all his barren Lawrels fade,
Took up himſelf the *Courtier's* Trade,
And, grown a *Miniſter of State*,
Saw Poets at his Levee wait.

Hail!

Hail! happy *Pope*, whoſe gen'rous Mind,
Deteſting all the Stateſman kind,
Contemning *Courts*, at *Courts* unſeen,
Refus'd the Viſits of a Q——;
A Soul with ev'ry Virtue fraught,
By *Sages*, *Prieſts*, or *Poets* taught;
Whoſe filial Piety excels
Whatever *Grecian* Story tells;
A Genius for all Stations fit,
Whoſe *meaneſt Talent* is his *Wit*:
His Heart too Great, though Fortune little,
To lick a *Raſcal Stateſman*'s Spittle;
Appealing to the Nation's Taſte,
Above the Reach of Want is plac't:
By *Homer* dead was taught to thrive,
Which *Homer* never cou'd alive:
And ſits aloft on *Pindus'* Head,
Deſpiſing *Slaves* that *cringe* for Bread.

True *Politicians* only pay
For ſolid Work, but not for Play;
Nor never chuſe to work with Tools
Forg'd up in *Colleges* and *Schools*.
Conſider how much more is due
To all their *Journey-men*, than you.
At Table you can *Horace* quote;
They at a Pinch can bribe a Vote:
You ſhew your Skill in *Grecian* Story,
But, they can manage *Whig* and *Tory*:
You, as a *Critick*, are ſo curious
To find a Verſe in *Virgil* ſpurious;
But, they can *ſmoak* the deep Deſigns
When *B——ke* with *P——y* dines.

Beſides; your Patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a Place already;

An Office for your Talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and ſhew your Wit;
To ſnuff the Lights, and ſtir the Fire,
And get a *Dinner* for your Hire.
What Claim have you to *Place* or *Penſion?*
He overpays in Condeſcenſion.

But, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you, we know,
Cou'd never condeſcend ſo low;
The *Vice-Roy*, whom you now attend,
Wou'd, if he durſt, be more your Friend;
Nor will in you thoſe Gifts deſpiſe,
By which himſelf was taught to riſe:
When he has Virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raiſe you high'r,
And place you in a better Station,
Altho' it might have pleas'd the Nation.

This may be true—— ſubmitting ſtill
To *W*——'s more than R—— Will.
And, what Condition can be worſe?
He comes to *drain a Beggar's Purſe?*
He comes to tye our Chains on faſter,
And ſhew us, *E*—— is our Maſter:
Careſſing Knaves, and Dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he elſe to bait his Traps,
Or bring his *Vermin* in, but *Scraps?*
The Offals of a *Church* diſtreſs'd,
A hungry *Vicarage* at beſt;
Or, ſome remote inferior *Poſt*,
With *forty Pounds* Year at moſt.

But, here again you interpoſe:
Your Fav'rite-*Lord* is none of thoſe,

Who owe their Virtues to their Stations,
And Characters to Dedications:
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His *Learning* none will call in Doubt;
His *Learning*, tho' a *Poet* ſaid it
Before a Play, wou'd loſe no Credit:
Nor *Pope* wou'd dare deny him Wit,
Altho' to praiſe it *Philips* writ.
I own, he hates an Action baſe,
His *Virtues* battling with his *Place*;
Nor wants a nice diſcerning Spirit,
Betwixt a true and ſpurious Merit;
Can ſometimes drop a *Voter*'s Claim,
And give up Party to his Fame.
I do the moſt that *Friendſhip* can;
I hate the *Vice-Roy*, love the Man.

But, You, who till your Fortune's made,
Muſt be a Sweet'ner by your Trade,
Shou'd ſwear he never meant us ill;
We ſuffer ſore againſt his Will:
That, if we could but ſee his Heart,
He wou'd have choſe a milder Part;
We rather ſhould lament his Caſe
Who muſt obey, or loſe his *Place*.

Since this Reflection ſlipt your Pen,
Inſert it when you write agen:
And, to illuſtrate it, produce
This *Simile* for his Excuſe.

" So, to deſtroy a guilty Land,
" An *Angel* ſent by *Heav'n*'s Command,
" While he obeys *Almighty* Will,
" Perhaps, may feel *Compaſſion* ſtill,

" And wiſh the Task had been aſſign'd
" To *Spirits* of leſs gentle kind.

But I, in *Politicks* grown old,
Whoſe Thoughts are of a diff'rent Mold,
Who, from my Soul, ſincerely hate
Both——and *Miniſters* of *State*,
Who look on *Courts* with ſtricter Eyes,
To ſee the Seeds of *Vice* ariſe,
Can lend you an Alluſion fitter,
Tho' *flatt'ring Knaves* may call it *bitter*:
Which if you durſt but give it place,
Would ſhew you many a *Stateſman*'s Face.
Freſh from the *Tripod of* Apollo,
I had it in the Words that follow.
(Take Notice, to avoid Offence
I here except *His Excellence*.)

o, to effect his *M——h's* Ends,
rom *Hell* a *V——* DEV'L aſcends,
is *Budget* with *Corruptions* cramm'd,
he Contributions of the *damn'd*;
hich, with unſparing Hand, he ſtrows
hro' *Courts*, and *Senates*, as he goes;
nd then at *Beelzebub's Black-Hall*,
omplains, his *Budget* was too ſmall.
our *Simile* may better ſhine
n Verſe; but there is *Truth* in mine.
or, no imaginable Things
an differ more than GOD and——
nd *Stateſmen* by ten thouſand odds
re ANGELS, juſt as—— are GODS.

The End.

AN

EPISTLE

To His Excellency

JOHN, Ld. CARTERET, &c.

AN EPISTLE

To His Excellency

JOHN, Ld. CARTERET, &c.

Credis ob hoc, me Paſtor, opes fortaſſe rogare,
Propter quod, vulgus, craſſaque turba rogat.

Mart. Epig. Lib. 9.

THOU wiſe, and learned Ruler of our Iſle,
Whoſe Guardian-Care can all her Griefs beguile,
When next your *generous Soul* ſhall condeſcend
T' *inſtruct* or *entertain* your humble Friend,

Whether retiring from your weighty Charge,
On ſome *high Theme* you learnedly enlarge;
Of all the Ways of Wiſdom reaſon well,
How *Richlieu* roſe, and how *Sejanus* fell:
Or when your Brow leſs thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with *Swift*, and ſome *delighted* Friends,
When mixing *Mirth* and *Wiſdom* with your Wit
Like that your *Wit* ſhall flow, your *Genius* ſhine
Nor with leſs Praiſe the *Converſation* guide,
Than in the *Publick Councils* you decide:
Or when the *Dean*, long privileg'd to rail,
Aſſerts his *Friend* with more *impetuous Zeal*;
You hear, (whilſt I ſit by *abaſh'd* and *mute*)
With ſoft Conceſſions ſhort'ning the Diſpute;
Then cloſe with kind Enquiries of my State.
'How are your *Tythes*? And have they roſe o
'late?
'Why

Why, *Chriſt-Church* is a pretty Situation;
There are not many better in the Nation!
This, with your *other Things*, muſt yield you
‘ clear
Some *ſix*, —— at leaſt *five hundred Pounds* a
‘ Year.

Suppoſe at ſuch a Time, I took the Freedom
To ſpeak theſe Truths, as plainly as you read 'em'
You ſhall *rejoin*, my Lord, when I've *reply'd*,
And, if you pleaſe, my *Lady* ſhall decide.)

My Lord, I'm ſatisfy'd you *meant* me well,
And that I'm *thankful*, all the World can tell;
But you'll forgive me, if I own th' Event
Is ſhort, is *very ſhort* of your *Intent*;
At leaſt I feel ſome Ills, unfelt before,
My *Income* leſs, and my *Expences* more.

'How, Doctor! *double* Vicar! *double* Rector!
'A *Dignitary!* with a *City-Lecture* ——
'What *Glebes!* what *Dues!* what *Tythes!* wh
'*Fines!* what *Rent!*
'Why, Doctor —— will you never be content?'

Would my good Lord but caſt up the Accoun
And ſee to what my Revenues amount,
My *Titles* ample! but my *Gains* ſo ſmall,
That one *good Vicarage* is worth 'em all ——
And very wretched, ſure, is he, that's double
In nothing, but his *Titles*, and his *Trouble.*

Add to this *crying Grievance*, if you pleaſe,
My Horſes founder'd on *Fermanagh*-Ways;
Ways of *well-poliſh'd* and *well-pointed* Stone,
Where every *Step* endangers every *Bone*;

An

And, more to raiſe your *Pity*, and your *Wonder*,
Two Churches, twelve *Hibernian* Miles aſunder!
With complicated *Cures* I labour hard in;
Beſides *whole Summers* abſent from my *Garden!*
But that the World would think I play'd the Fool,
I'd change with *Charly Gratton* for his *School*——
What fine *Caſcades*, what *Viſto's* might I make,
Fix'd in the Centre of th' *Iernian* Lake!
There might I ſail delighted, ſmooth, and ſafe,
Beneath the Conduct of my good * Sir *Ralph:*
There's not a *better Steerer* in the Realm,
I hope, my Lord, you'll call him to the *Helm.*

'Doctor, a glorious Scheme to eaſe your Grief!
'When *Cures* are croſs, a *School*'s a ſure Relief.
'You cannot fail of being happy there,
'The *Lake* will be the *Lethe* of your Care:

'The

* *The Rt. hon. Sir* Ralph Gore, *who has a Villa in the Lake of* Erin.

'The Scheme is for your *Honour* and your *Eaſe*
'And, Doctor, I'll promote it when you pleaſe.
'Mean while, allowing Things below your Meri
'Yet, Doctor, you've a *Philoſophick Spirit:*
'Your *Wants* are *few*, and, like your *Income*
'*ſmall*,
'And you've *enough* to gratify them all:
'You've *Trees*, and *Fruits*, and *Roots* enough i
'ſtore,
'And what would a *Philoſopher* have more?
'You cannot wiſh for *Coaches*, *Kitchens*, *Cooks*,
——My Lord, I've not enough to buy me *Book*
Or pray, ſuppoſe my *Wants* were all ſupply'd,
Are there no *Wants* I ſhould regard beſide?
Whoſe Breaſt is ſo *unman'd*, as not to grieve,
Compaſs'd with *Miſeries* he *can't relieve?*
Who can be *happy*——who would wiſh to *live*,
And want the *Godlike Happineſs* TO GIVE?

(That

That I'm a *Judge* of this you muſt allow,
had it *once* —— and am debarr'd it *now*.)
Aſk your own Heart, my Lord, if this be true;
Then how *unbleſs'd* am I! how *bleſs'd* are You!

'Tis true — but, Doctor, let us wave all that —
Say, if you had your Wiſh, what you'd be at?'
Excuſe me, good my Lord —— I won't be *ſounded*,
Nor ſhall your *Favour* by my *Wants* be *bounded*;
My Lord, I challenge nothing as my *Due*,
Nor is is fit I ſhould preſcribe to You.

Yet this might * *Symmachus* himſelf avow,
Whoſe *rigid Rules* are *antiquated* now)
My Lord, I'd wiſh — *to pay the Debts I owe*,
I'd wiſh beſides — *to build*, and *to beſtow*,

---

* Symmachus, *Biſhop of* Rome, A. D. 499. *made a Decree, that no Man ſhould ſollicit for Eccleſiaſtical Preferment, before the Death of the Incumbent.*

FINIS.

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